

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

MAY 14 1948

⁶
PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

Vol. XXXVI

No. 5

MAY 1948

PRICE 35¢





THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

OTTAWA, CANADA



HONORARY PATRON

His Excellency Field-Marshal the Right Honourable Viscount Alexander of Tunis,
K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., LL.D., M.C., A.D.C.

HONORARY PRESIDENTS

CHARLES CAMSELL, C.M.G., LL.D., B.A. and J. B. TYRRELL, M.A., LL.D., F.G.S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

CHARLES G. COWAN, President

- | | |
|---|--|
| Hon. W. A. BUCHANAN, Vice-President | J. A. WILSON, Vice-President |
| Gen. A. G. L. McNAUGHTON, Vice-President | K. G. CHIPMAN, Honorary Treasurer |
| R. C. WALLACE, Vice-President | E. S. MARTINDALE, Honorary Secretary |
| Hon. A. E. ARSENAULT, Charlottetown, P.E.I. | B. R. MacKAY, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa |
| MARIUS BARBEAU, National Museum of Canada, Ottawa | C. J. MACKENZIE, President of National Research Council, Ottawa |
| ARTHUR BEAUCHESNE, Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa | M. W. MACKENZIE, Deputy Minister, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa |
| G. GORDON BELL, Ottawa | T. H. MANNING, Ottawa |
| Col. A. F. DUGUID, Ottawa | Lt.-Col. L. T. MARTIN, Ottawa |
| Maj.-Gen. W. W. FOSTER, Victoria, B.C. | Lt.-Col. SIDNEY C. OLAND, Halifax, N.S. |
| AUGUSTIN FRIGON, General Manager, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Ottawa | F. H. PETERS, Ottawa |
| K. A. GREENE, High Commissioner, Australia | E. J. TARR, Winnipeg, Man. |
| H. L. KEENLEYSIDE, Deputy Minister, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa | GRIFFITH TAYLOR, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont. |
| GILBERT LABINE, Toronto, Ont. | Hon. T. VIEN, Montreal, Quebec |
| F. C. C. LYNCH, Ottawa | J. C. WEBSTER, Shediac, N.B. |
| | J. T. WILSON, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont. |

Honorary Counsel, O. M. Biggar

Editorial Committee

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| OLIVER MASTER, Ottawa, Chairman | GORDON M. DALLYN, Secretary |
| F. J. ALCOCK, Ottawa | I. S. McARTHUR, Ottawa |
| G. C. ANDREW, Vancouver, B.C. | Lt.-Col. G. L. P. GRANT-SUTTIE, Toronto |
| Hon. A. E. ARSENAULT, Charlottetown | S. F. RAE, Ottawa |
| GEORGE W. BROWN, Toronto | J. E. ROBBINS, Ottawa |
| D. W. BUCHANAN, Ottawa | R. J. C. STEAD, Ottawa |
| Hon. W. A. BUCHANAN, Lethbridge | H. L. TRUEMAN, Ottawa |
| | J. C. WEBSTER, Shediac |
| | M. Y. WILLIAMS, Vancouver |

Executive-Secretary and Editor

GORDON M. DALLYN

Auditors: Davis, Dalglish & Bishop, Chartered Accountants



The Society's ambition is to make itself a real force in advancing geographical knowledge, and in disseminating information on the geography, resources and people of Canada. In short, its aim is to make Canada better known to Canadians and to the rest of the world.

As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical and economic—of Canada, of the British Commonwealth and of the other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that

will be popular in character, easily read, well illustrated and educational to the young, as well as informative to the adult.

The Canadian Geographical Journal will be sent to each member of the Society in good standing. Membership in the Society is open to any one interested in geographical matters. The annual fee for membership is three dollars in Canada.

The Society has no political or other sectional associations, and is responsible only to its members. All money received is used in producing the Canadian Geographical Journal and in carrying on such other activities for the advancement of geographical knowledge as funds of the Society may permit.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL

Published monthly by
THE CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
49 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa

Editor - GORDON M. DALLYN—Assistant Editor - MALVINA BOLUS

This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustrations, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

The articles in this Journal are indexed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and the *Canadian Periodical Index* which may be found in any public library.

The British standard of spelling is adopted substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1936.

Address all communications regarding change of address, non-delivery of Journal, etc., to the publication office, 1,000 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Canada, giving old and new address. On all new memberships, the expiry date will be printed on wrapper containing starting number. This will constitute a receipt for subscription.

Membership in The Canadian Geographical Society is \$3.00 per year in Canada and other parts of the British Empire, which includes delivery of the Journal, postpaid; in United States, Mexico, France, Spain, Central and South America, \$3.50; in other countries, \$4.00. Make membership fee payable at par in Ottawa.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES:

Ontario and Quebec: F. A. DALLYN
Toronto office — 21 King Street, E.
(Tel. EL. 2863)

Montreal office — 1,000 St. Antoine
Street. (Tel. LA. 5566)

Europe: S/L W. H. CORKILL, M.B.E.
The Mead, West Dumpton Lane, Ramsgate, Kent, England.

CONTENTS

MAY, 1948 + VOLUME XXXVI + NUMBER 5

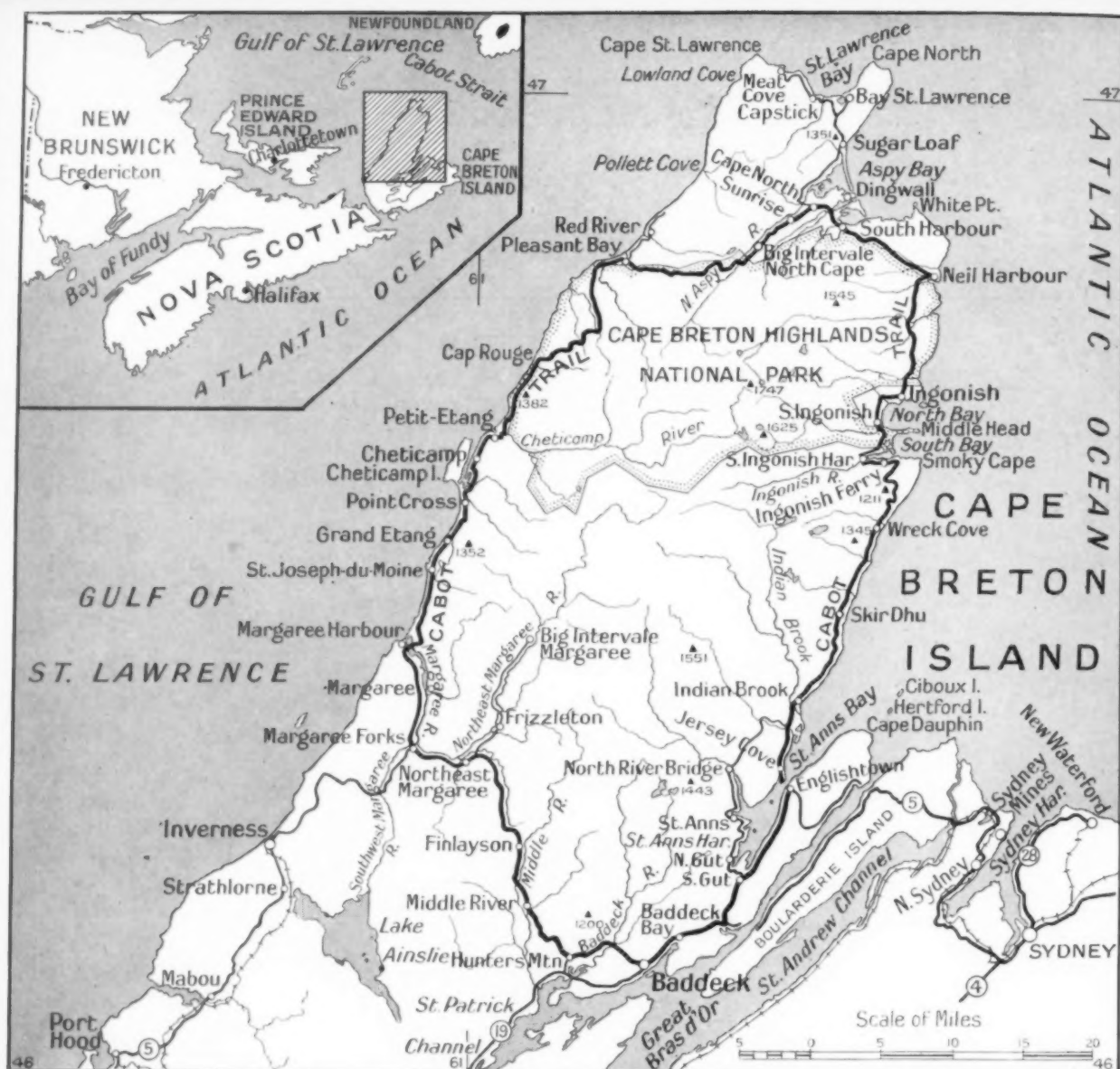
COVER SUBJECT:—*The bird fancier. The Chinese are skilful fanciers, keeping their pets, which become very tame, in exquisitely made light bamboo cages. A charming custom is to take a pet bird for a walk, the cage protected by a cloth cover, until a pleasant spot is reached where the cage is uncovered and the fancier and his pet enjoy the open air. The bird in the picture is a Ruby-throated (Calliope).*
Photo by Hedda M. Morrison

	Page
THE CABOT TRAIL	204
by LYN HARRINGTON	
THE MAN IN THE STREET, PEKING . . .	222
by HEDDA M. MORRISON	
THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON	242
by EDGAR W. PITT	
ARCTIC RECORD, 1910-11	251
by ALEX STEVENSON	
EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK	VII
AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS	VIII

CONTENTS OF THIS JOURNAL ARE COPYRIGHT

AUTHORIZED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA

PRINTED IN CANADA



Canadian Geographical Journal map



The Cabot Trail

by LYN HARRINGTON

Photography by RICHARD HARRINGTON

MORE THAN four centuries after the Cabots had sighted the highlands of Cape Breton, a road was named in their honour. The northern prong of Cape Breton Island in Nova Scotia is looped with a ribbon of highway, encompassing some of Canada's loveliest scenery. The 185-mile Cabot Trail encircles sparkling salmon streams, waterfalls and brooks, hills that are almost mountains—the highest in the Maritime provinces—barren lands and smiling valleys, mineral outcroppings and wide farmlands.

The Cabot Trail begins and ends at Baddeck, a charming village in a beautiful setting on an arm of the Bras d'Or Lake, whose name is a corruption of the Micmac Indian word *Abadak*—the place with an island near. The island lies just off the wharf, its bathing beaches warm and golden in the blue lake.

Baddeck is a centre for Gaelic culture amongst the thousands of Cape Breton Highlanders, whose fathers or forefathers came from the "misty isle". It hugs tradition close to its heart—but it takes the traveller to its heart as well. An air of peace and well-being lies about the attractive tree-shaded village. The sound of Scottish voices is in the ear, the lilt in voices still translating from the Gaelic.

Baddeck is situated on the slope of a hill, as indeed which village of Cape Breton is not? On the far side of a deep inlet is Alexander Graham Bell's summer home, "Beautiful Mountain", *Beinn Breagh*. There the great inventor spent part of each year for nearly forty years. There he and Mrs. Bell are buried, and there their grandchildren and children still spend summer holidays, usually with a houseful of guests.

Not far distant is the summer home of J. A. D. McCurdy, recently appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. He shared

with Mr. Bell in the experiment of flying the first aerial machine within the British Empire, in the winter of 1909.

The Cabot Trail is a loop, and therefore either course may be followed, north to St. Ann's, or west to Margaree. For so long a time the road over the mountains was narrow and perilous that authorities recommended going west first. In that way the motorist (keeping to the right) would have the "inside track"—and learn the real meaning of the phrase. Through continuous effort, the road has been improved until it is purely a matter of personal taste which route is taken. Each section of the road has its own beauties.

West by way of Margaree, the trail turns abruptly to the right at Baddeck and climbs uphill. It is worth pausing just to look back at the view of lake and hill. Then comes the Baddeck River, rushing over its gravel bottom, and almost certain to boast a fisherman in waders. But that is characteristic of the rivers of Cape Breton, brooks of clear swift water where the salmon lurk in the still pools, where the sea-trout come up after a heavy rain. Stream after stream is passed, streams hurrying around gravel bars and piling up into deep pools. The road leads through the countryside where elms droop pendant branches over the road, and cows, sheep and chickens ramble unconcernedly. From scrub-pastures comes the tinkle of cow-bells.

Pointed spruce trees stand upright on the slopes that fold one into the next, their tops reflected in some still pool such as Loch o' Law, or in broken imagery in the rivers. The uniformity of growth on these hills makes them seem almost trimmed, a dense growth of mixed hardwoods and spruce clinging to the shallow earth of the rocky hillsides. At each fold of the hills, a little



Off to church on Sunday morning, near Middle River.

stream tumbles down through boulders to the foot. Logs piled up beside the road indicate the place that lumbering holds in Cape Breton industry. Little sawmills crop up out of the forest here and there along the road.

From the Margaree Valley a road leads up to Frizzleton, where there is a fish rearing station, and to several good fishing streams. A favourite spot is near the hatchery, where the big ones sometimes escape from the ponds. This is about five miles off the Cabot Trail, and is claimed by some to be the most beautiful part of Cape Breton, though it is impossible to choose a "best" in such country.

From the forests, bird song ripples endlessly, wrens, robins, whitethroats and warblers rejoicing in the lovely land. A rabbit hops in scared leaps across the way, and a

deer bounds suddenly into a thicket. Along the roadside in late June appear masses of white Labrador tea and the rosy blooms of laurel, to be followed later by goldenrod, purple Joe Pye weed and blue asters. Never is there colour lacking in the Cape Breton scene, even in a grey mist. Almost overwhelming is the sight of those mighty hills in flaming autumn foliage.

The Margaree Valley has long been accustomed to the adjective "beautiful", and it lives up to the title. Here the mountains widen out into a broad "intervale" of farming land, but not flat fields. On the uplands rectangles of red ploughed earth contrast with green fields of hay or grain. Pastures are starred with daisies or Queen Anne's lace, and stained with the ruby red of sorrel. As the Margaree Valley is beloved of artists,



The road to Frizzleton swings off the Cabot Trail.

Farmland is hilly along the Margaree River.



it is equally popular with anglers. Its salmon pools, named like those of Scottish burns, Thornbush, Flat, Margaree Forks and Long, are noted amongst fishermen, but salmon are taken all along the river.

Margaree Harbour, just off the Trail, marks the beginning of an Acadian area. Here are the descendants of the first settlers, some of whom fled after the expulsion of the Acadians from the Nova Scotia mainland. Margaree Harbour is marked by a wide beach of sand and fine gravel, the mouth of the river by a collection of fishing shacks, silvered by the weather.

From here to Cheticamp, the people are largely Acadian French, whose hearts are as warm as their fields are bare of trees. Rather stark homes and bleak hills denuded of foliage bespeak the war against encroaching forest, and the dread of forest fires. These are mostly fisherfolk, who live by and from the sea. Their farms are merely large enough to serve their immediate needs. Small picturesque fishing hamlets are Belle Côte, Grand Etang and Cheticamp. The road skirts the steep red cliffs of clay, fenced to keep the cattle from falling over the eroding edges to the gravelled beach below.

Cheticamp is a thriving fishing village, formerly the scene of extensive gypsum operations. The tall spires of the Catholic church, built of freestone from the island just across the harbour, are visible for many miles. As the sun goes down the bleating of lambs and lowing of cattle may be heard from the island, while from pleasure boats on the bay French *chansons* and rapid French speech drift across the still evening air.

Its artistic craftswomen have made Cheticamp famous for its hooked wool rugs. These are of tapestry worthy to be hung on walls rather than trodden underfoot. The wool comes from the backs of their own sheep, is dyed with vegetable or bought dyes, and turned into creations of beauty. The soft pastel shades may be made up into rugs that vary in size from a foot square to twenty-four feet square. Making the large rugs is a co-operative enterprise calling for many skilled hands.

The Cabot Trail swerves sharply inland for a few miles, and enters the 390-square-mile Cape Breton National Park at the Cheticamp River. This wide and rapid stream is famous for its salmon pools. To walk up the woodland path along the river is almost as pleasant as taking one of the finny trophies. At each opening in the screen of leaves, the river with its guardian mountains presents a fresh and lovely picture.

From Cheticamp to Pleasant Bay the setting is truly spectacular. One beautiful scene succeeds another. In Rigwash Valley the road cuts into the steep slope of the hills, then winds below a rugged red cliff which frowns down over the talus on its lower slopes. Then back to the sea, and through the haze the church spire is still visible, the wide beaches, the lagoons and cliffs.

Today the road runs along at the base of towering cliffs, hundreds of feet high. Far above the former trail may be traced, narrow and crooked and risky, but with a magnificent view. Like a thread on the shoulder of a giant's coat, the wispy trail dodges around boulders, over creek-beds, in and out around clumps of spruce. The wide gravel road at the foot of the steep is safer, and does not lack beauty.

Just half a minute's walk from the road, Old Scot rock rears up its familiar profile far above the sandy beach. From this point, the trail streaks straight uphill over Cap Rouge. Around a bluff, deep into a ravine it continues, then curves onward and upward to reach the crest of MacKenzie Mountain. A lookout gives a view of the sea far below through the canyon of Fishing Cove Creek. Above the mountain bald eagles coast on the wings of the wind with peevish and complaining cries.

A pathetic sight are the burned woods around that lookout where careless visitors had dropped a cigarette butt into the canyon. Although the forests of the National Park are well guarded, it is extremely difficult to halt a blaze on those steep slopes with their strong up-draft.

Hair-pin turns are not altogether a thing of the past, but they have been modified



Many of the women of Cheticamp are skilled in hooking wool rugs.



Old Scot rock may be seen in the water to the left. The surrounding crags are even taller. The Trail twists up over Cap Rouge.

The Cabot Trail rejoins the sea just beyond Rig-wash Valley.





The rapids and pools of the Cheticamp River are favourites of the lurking trout and salmon.

by placing the bridges a little farther up the canyons. Narrow ravines still call for right-angled turns, but there is little danger. The necessity for driving slowly has achieved a very low record of accidents for the Cabot Trail.

Several other lookouts give magnificent panoramic views over the headlands and bays of the western side of the peninsula before the road plunges down to the attractive hamlet of Pleasant Bay. Most of its residents are fishermen, putting out daily after cod or mackerel, lobsters or swordfish according to season.

From Pleasant Bay, an interesting side-journey is along five miles to Red River, another appealing bit of countryside with interesting rock formations. The Cabot Trail cuts away from the sea toward the east.

Eroded rocks on the beach along the western section of the Cabot Trail.





A wharf in Pleasant Bay; lobster traps on the dock.

The drive through the sun-dappled luxuriant forest is something to remember. On either side rise the steep hills, and alongside the road runs a clear little brook.

On the right appears a picnic spot, one of the half-dozen maintained by the park service. The Lone Shieling with its thatched roof and stone walls is a replica of a crofter's cot in the Scottish highlands. This was erected in memory of Professor McIntosh who left that piece of property to the National Park on condition that they construct just such a building.

The brook marks the western slope of North Mountain range, and the road begins to climb at once. It twists uphill some 1,500 feet with breath-taking views, and unfenced edges that are slightly alarming at times. Though it is without dangers, the Trail is not without its thrills.

Once up, the road immediately starts down again, swooping down in curves with a sheer drop into the ravine at the right, sometimes guarded by log rails, or low stone

embankment. The road is blasted out of the mountain-side, and round every turn is another beautiful panorama of stream and mountain, sky and forest. At the foot of the ridge, the Aspy River runs through shallows and pools, through sunlight and shadow, and the road winds along beside it until once more it swoops up hill. It is almost imperative to halt at Sunrise Lookout, and gaze down through Big Intervale, where the lush farming country of the Aspy Valley opens out into vistas of hazy hills and the blue reaches of Aspy Bay. The Cabot Trail leaves the National Park briefly to curve through Cape North.

An interesting digression may be made from Cape North to Bay St. Lawrence, a fishing and lobstering centre. The road curves across the North Aspy River and slips along between the mountain range and the sea. Sugar Loaf Mountain, a pointed peak said to be the Cabots' first sight of North America, stands guard over a tiny schoolhouse bearing its name. The settle-

The Lone Shieling picnic area maintained by the park service.





ment of Bay St. Lawrence straggles down the long sweeps of treeless hills to reach the sea. Flocks of guillemots, or sea pigeons, nest in the crannies of the weathered cliffs.

Dingwall, a few miles from Cape North, was formerly a fishing community. Today it is thriving largely because of the gypsum mining and shipping operations. Snowy crags of gypsum thrust up out of the greenery. Bulldozers, cranes and trucks, conveyor belts and ocean freighters have replaced the more picturesque swordfishing craft, now hauled up on the banks of the inlet.

From Cape North the road swings inland and winds through forested country. It touches the sea at Neil's Harbour, where a vigorous fishing industry is carried on. The waves roll in endlessly over the sand-bar or *barachois* at the mouth of the river.

At top:—Crossing the 1,500-foot-high North Mountain range.

The church at Cape North dominates a vista of rolling forest and farmland. White cliffs of gypsum gleam through trees.

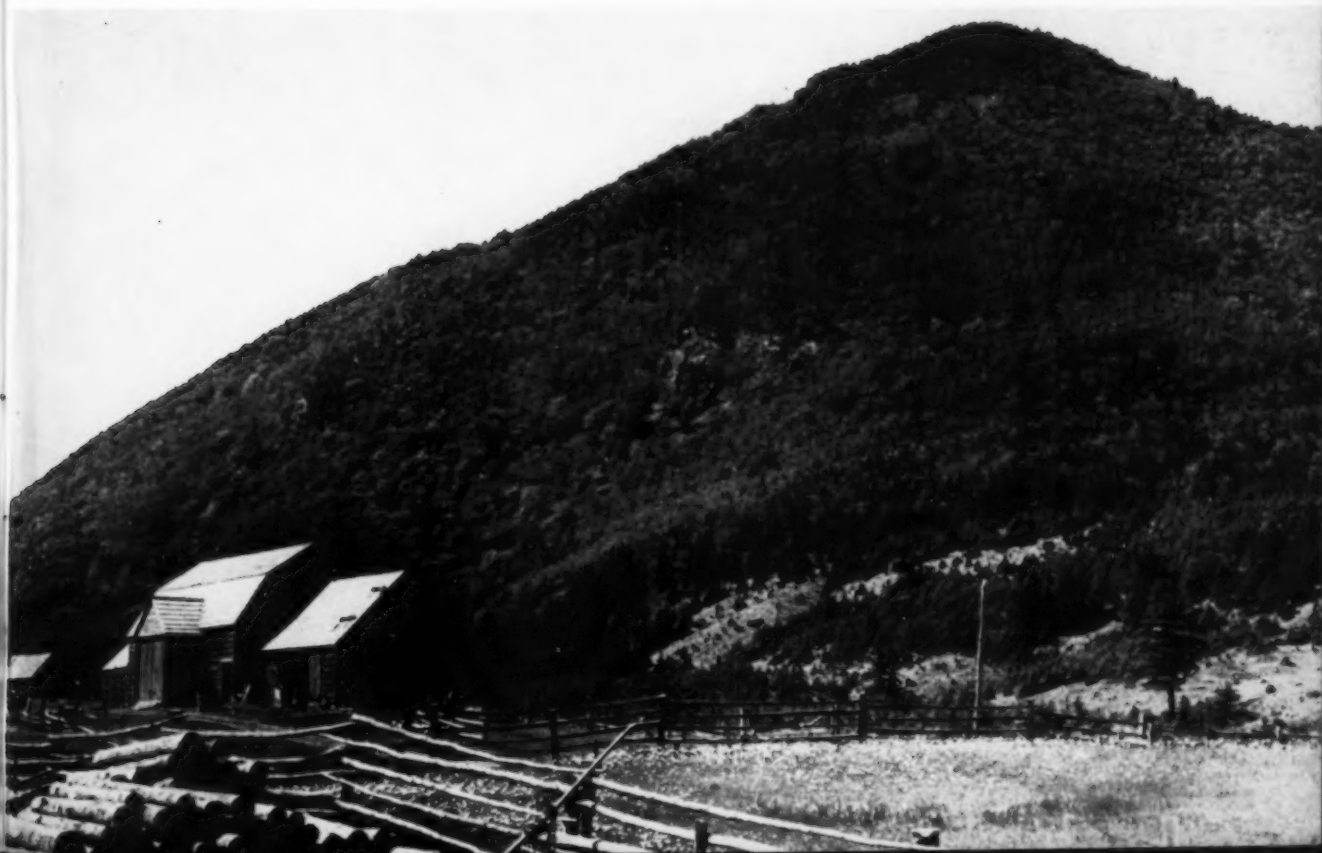
Neil's Harbour is populated by people from Newfoundland, and resembles a Newfoundland village huddled on the bare rocks with the sea crashing at the doorsteps. No tree grows in Neil's Harbour, nor any softening feature such as a flower bed, yet it is picturesque. An air of moderate prosperity and friendliness is clearly evident. Across the harbour, the waves dash against the tawny cliffs, setting aswing the anchored fishing boats.

Once more the trail turns inland, passing through forest and barrens, and over numerous streams known for their brook trout. Mary Ann Falls, on the brook of that name, is a pretty spot, and a favourite fishing-hole. Warren Brook also is a haunt of anglers.

The barrens bear the reindeer moss beloved of the caribou which disappeared several decades ago. It is some indication of the interior of the park, a great plateau of moss and muskeg, barren ranges and hun-

Right:—Freckled-faced youngsters attend the Sugar Loaf schoolhouse.

Below:—Sugar Loaf Mountain, said to be Cabot's first sight of land in 1497. On the road to Bay St. Lawrence.





Bulldozers and dump-trucks are familiar sights in Dingwall, where gypsum is being mined.



Cod-fish drying on flakes (slat rack on the

dreds of ponds. This area is little known save to the lynx and fox, the otter and beaver. Wolves have not been seen in Cape Breton for many a year, nor skunks nor porcupine. But most of the other North American mammals may be found there, including flying squirrels, marten, mink and white-tailed deer. Moose have recently been transferred from the west to restock the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, and are expected to increase rapidly under ideal conditions.

At North Ingonish, the Cabot Trail again strikes the sea. This village is a fishing centre, with cod-fish drying on flakes on the beach on sunny days. Middle Head, a long rocky promontory thrust out into the bay, splits it into twin bays. South Bay Ingonish is partially closed off by the formation of a barachois, a sand-bar built up through the low tides of the ocean, and the swift tumbling streams that carry down silt. Sometimes the lagoons behind the barachois are brackish, sometimes fresh. South Bay Ingonish has one of each. Also there is the deep fiord of Ingonish Harbour, a sanctuary for ships from the storms of the Atlantic.

From North Ingonish, Middle Head appears low by comparison with Cape Smoky beyond looming up 1,200 feet direct

from the sea, and usually girdled with a banner of cloud. The road loops around North Bay Ingonish, and across the excellent golf course. From here a side road runs up to Middle Head and Keltic Lodge. A footpath leads out a mile or so to the far end of Middle Head. The charm of great rocks with the surf splashing below, twisted pines and cedars, and colonies of gulls and terns call to mind famous California scenes—with no discredit to Middle Head. Small wonder it is a favourite haunt of artists, who attempt to capture the changing lights on the rocks, on the harbour and on Cape Smoky.

Keltic Lodge is a luxurious hostelry owned by the Nova Scotian government, and set picturesquely on the narrow neck of Middle Head. The golf course, tennis courts, bathing pavilions and playground are maintained by the park service, and are open to all visitors. Numerous other places offer accommodation to the many guests of the Ingonish area. Park headquarters are located in South Ingonish.

From the bureau with its thatched roof, the road leads through South Ingonish and over the Ingonish River, known for its trout fishing, and along the sides of Ingonish Harbour, still better known for its sword-fishing. Local fishing craft and schooners



slat road on the wharfs of North Ingonish.



Freighters pull into the narrow inlet at Dingwall to take on loads of crude gypsum for refining in the United States.

from Newfoundland, seventy miles distant, may be seen at Ingonish Ferry.

Revealing one after another of those beautiful views of land, sea and sky, the trail climbs up towering Cape Smoky. From its summit the double bay is seen behind, and out to the left, the Bird Rocks of Ciboux and Herford, with their colonies of sea-fowl. Looking ahead, the eye sees for miles, distant headlands poking out into the sea, the snub-nose of Cape Dauphin, the silver slot of St. Ann's Bay.

Then downhill goes the Trail, twisting, falling, rising over lesser ridges, past little fishing settlements, past fur farms, schools and co-operative stores. All along may be heard the lilt of the Gaelic tongue. Skir Dhu, meaning Black Rock, lies just off the shore near the village of that name. A great rock, it forms a resting place for black cormorants.

Onward goes the road past a little graveyard devoted to the Morrison dead—all with their faces toward the east awaiting the resurrection. Past settlements in the spruce, over rapid rivers. Then the Trail crosses the shingle at Jersey Cove, between old beaches ridged by the sea. A ferry makes the brief crossing of St. Ann's Gut. Just above the dock is another graveyard notable

because it is the last resting place of the Cape Breton giant, Angus McAskill. This gentle giant of seven feet nine inches was as outstanding for his strength as for his unusual height. For years he travelled with Barnum's Circus, in company with the midget, Major Tom Thumb whom he carried in his mighty pocket.

Beyond the ferry may be seen the remains of the first settlement on Cape Breton Island. Captain Charles Daniel came in 1629 to set up a trading station and Jesuit mission. A few years later Simon Denys, brother of the noted Nicholas Denys, carried on trading. But in 1713 it was chosen as a naval base and renamed Fort Dauphin. Its glory did not last long, fading away when the great Fortress of Louisbourg was constructed a few years later. It was the early French settlers who gave the area the name of Ste. Anne, in honour of Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. The name has remained in the locality, although the immediate centre is now called English-town. The people, too, have changed, and are now mostly Scottish.

A winding road leads from Englishtown to St. Ann, once called Rocky Road, but undeserving of that name now. On the one hand are the steep heights of Kelly's Moun-

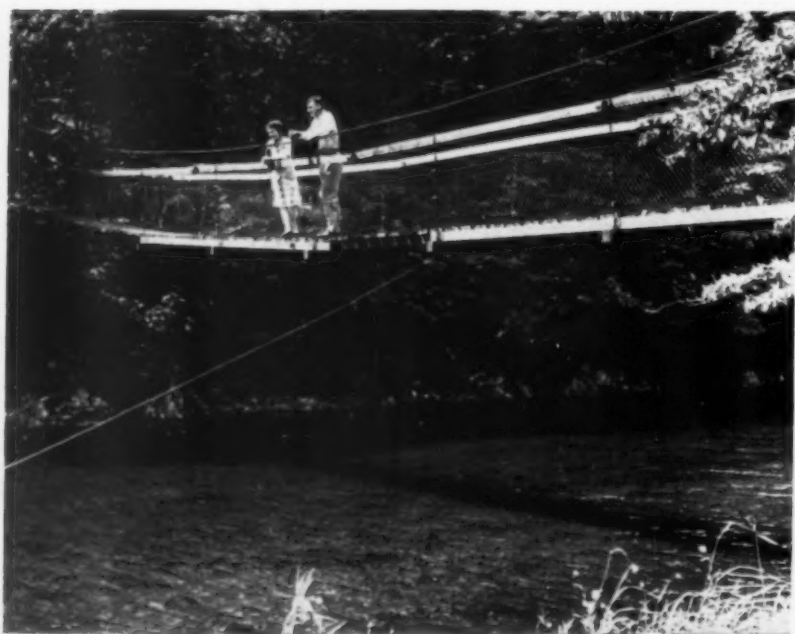


*Top left:—
Keltic Lodge, operated
by the Provincial Govern-
ment, a haven for
visitors.*



*Centre:—
The thatched roofing
indicates the informa-
tion bureau of the Cape
Breton Highlands Na-
tional Park at South In-
gonish. Cape Smoky
range lies beyond the
harbour of Ingonish.*

*Below:—
A suspension bridge
crosses the Clyburn
River at the 10th green
of the excellent golf
links.*





*Left:—
The information
bureau with it's
thatched roof at the
entrance to the na-
tional park.*

*Right:—
Headquarters of the
Parks administration.
Cape Smoky in the
background.*

*Centre:—
From Cape Smoky look-
ing east, the scene is a
series of headlands
with the ocean cream-
ing at their bases, as
far as eye can see.*



*Bottom centre:—
Near Keltic Lodge steps
lead down to the ocean
for those who like to
swim in salt water near
their lodge.*

*Bottom right:—
Fresh water in Little
Lake within the sand-
bar is preferred by most
swimmers. Bathing
pavilions nearby are
maintained by the park
service.*





Fishing schooners from Newfoundland put into port at South Ingonish. The mountains around guard the harbour against all winds.

Cows often take to the highway, as here on the road between Englishtown and St. Ann. St. Ann's Bay may be seen in the background.



tain; on the other the sparkling blue of St. Ann's Bay, the hills beyond reminiscent of Scotland. Little clearings show up here and there, but for the most part the hills are forested. Ragged edges of mist may roll around the hills while the sun is beating down brilliantly in other parts.

Tuna fishing may be the greatest attraction of St. Ann to some people, but the Gaelic College at the foot of the bay has probably lured more visitors. The only Gaelic College in North America, it is no hoary building of brick or stone, but a collection of low log houses. Of the thousands of Cape Breton Highlanders who use Gaelic in daily speech, few can read or write it. In order to preserve Highland traditions, the ancient language is taught in summer



Newfoundland schooners at the dock of the fish cannery in Ingonish Harbour.

At the foot of St. Ann's Bay, where the salty waters roll in over golden sand.

classes and in extension courses for the rest of the year. Gorgeous tartans are the major product of the handicraft courses, tartans that are as accurate as any dour Scot could demand.

The eleven miles to Baddeck are full of charm as the road curves through the hills overlooking the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake. It is not the rugged grandeur of the western coast, but a more gentle beauty that is every whit as appealing.

The Cabot Trail draws to a closed circle under the trees of Baddeck. Its entire span may be covered in a single day, but at the cost of many moments of pure enjoyment, at the expense of much that is interesting.





Women sit in the streets and mend clothes to order. Normally mending is done by a man's family but in Peking many of the work people come in from the countryside and leave their families behind to work their land. Many of the street kitchens and such trades as that shown in the photograph cater to these homeless work people.



The Man in the Street, Peking

Photographs and notes by Hedda M. Morrison

CHINA is convulsed with civil war. Not a new experience for the Chinese who hate all war and the mass of whom have no more interest in the present conflicting ideologies than they formerly had in the claims of rival warlords. They only want to be left in peace to carry on their own vocations and way of life.

It is a way of life that is strange to western eyes but its rhythm and pattern are strong and firmly established. Food and drink are sold by small street vendors without over-much consideration for modern conceptions of hygiene, but for all that the food is tasty and the drink strong and stimulating. Grave

gentlemen take their pet birds with them when they walk abroad and sit and admire them in the winter sunshine. Chinese children are still endearing. In the streets hawkers ply their trades and philosophical peasants sell their wares for a trifle. Entertainment may be had from itinerant jugglers and players on the streets.

These pleasant friendly people are not interested in politics. All they ask for is freedom from oppression, food at reasonable prices and an economy and a way of life which enables them to follow their various pursuits in peace and security.



Hardware store under the city gate sells every type of household utensil. The large round-bottomed iron bowls are for cooking; the round wooden cases for steaming bread; the round funnels at the top right-hand corner for making the stove draw; there are also cleavers, rakes, strainers and rope. The peasants come into the market in the city and on their way home buy their household requirements at the city gate.



Dealer in second-hand metal objects at the Temple of Heaven Fair. Every sort of knick-knack is for sale, Chinese and foreign locks, cooking pots, Japanese stoves, a solitary primus and a cuspidor. On the left of the picture may be seen the bars of a cage. It contains the dealer's pet Mongolian lark.



The rag and bone merchant. He wanders through the streets beating with the stick he holds in his right hand the small drum he holds in his left. This particular sound is peculiar to rag and bone men. Every type of itinerant vendor or merchant has a distinctive call or instrument.



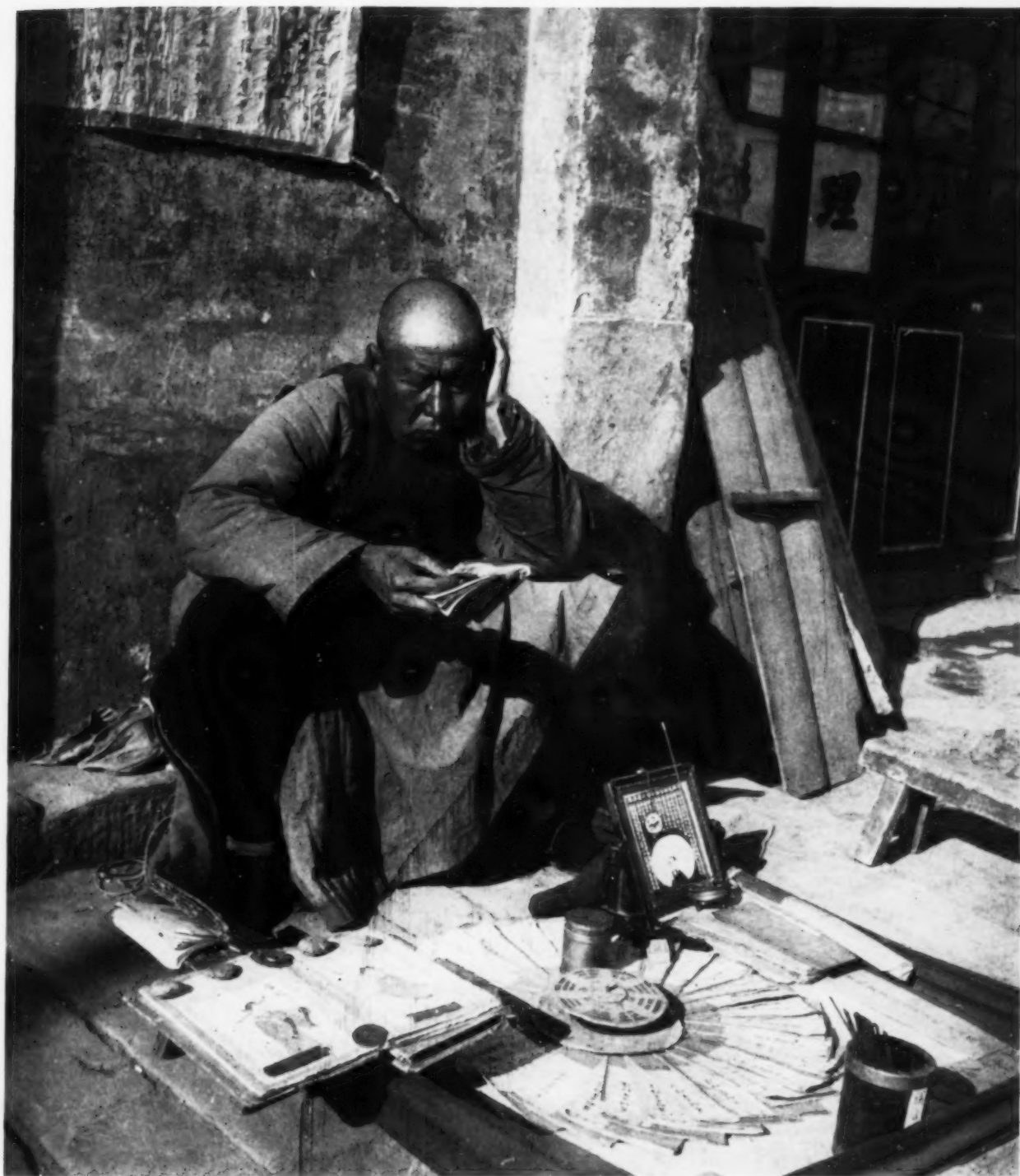
The New Year's curio market at Liu Li Ch'ang. At the Chinese New Year there is a great settling up of debts and many people must therefore sell valuables. It is also a time of making presents and so a great fair takes place in and around a large temple which itself lies in the area where most of the best curio shops are located.



*The man with the performing mice. The mice (they are really a kind of small hamster) are trained to climb up the little ladders and through and over the various obstacles. One hamster may be seen in the little basket covered with silk. Such itinerant showmen are common in Peking and this particular one calls his audience of children with a wonderful Chinese trumpet which sounds exactly like that of Walt Disney's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.*



Peking housewife makes a purchase at a basket seller's. She is dressed in her best clothes for a visit to the market, brightly coloured silk gown, wadded for the cold weather, and with a flower over her ear. Visits to the market are an important social occasion in the household.

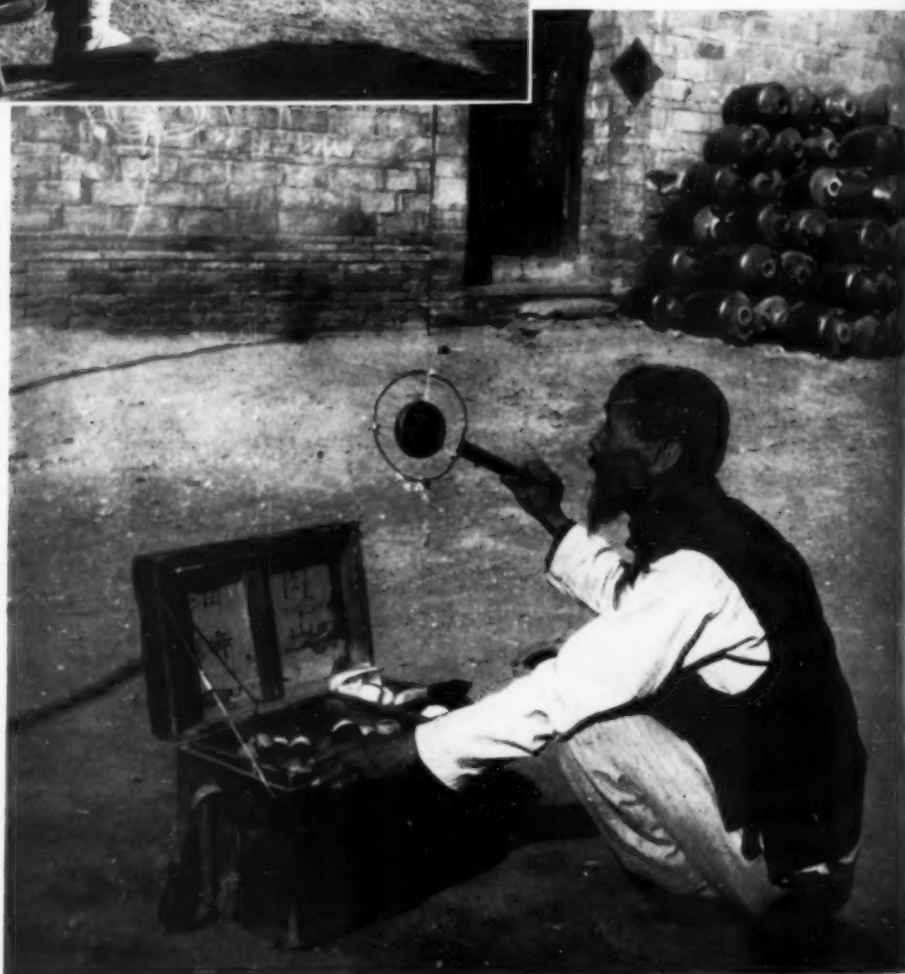


Pensive fortune teller. The Chinese love having their fortunes told. It is all done on an astrological basis. At the bottom right-hand corner may be seen a container holding various slivers of bamboo, each of which has a character of cabalistic significance written on it. The enquirer holds this container in both hands and shakes it up and down until a sliver falls out. The fortune teller then deduces the fortune according to the manuals on the subject.



Journeyman barber shaves a customer's head. He walks through the streets carrying stool and brass basin. He advertises his presence with several metal clappers strung together which he clanks as he walks along. He has plenty of custom because Chinese like to have their heads shaved. It suits them very well and does not give them the debased appearance which almost any long-headed European has in the same condition.

Itinerant draper. He sells sewing things and bobbins of thread. He carries them round in the box slung from his shoulder and has a special Chinese gong to advertise his approach. The latter is used in one hand. The gong is suspended from the wire frame and the clapper hangs loose. By twisting the handle the clapper flies against the gong, a great economy of effort.





Toy lanterns and whistles for sale at the Chinese New Year. They are brightly coloured and made of paper on bamboo frameworks. The large objects are toy lanterns and the smaller ones attached to a whistle. The vendor holds one in his mouth. He blows through the whistle and the air emerging turns the little paper wheels.



Selling dried dates, a form of fruit which grows on a thorn bush which is common in North China. The fruit is long and cigar shaped. The seeds are punched out and the fruit dried for sale during the winter. The peasant with his basket, in from the country, gossips with a friend.



Savoury stew steams in the winter sunshine. Coolies breakfast at such a kitchen. They get a good beef stew which they can flavour with various sauces to suit their taste, eaten with shao pings, small buns of unleavened bread covered with sesame seed.

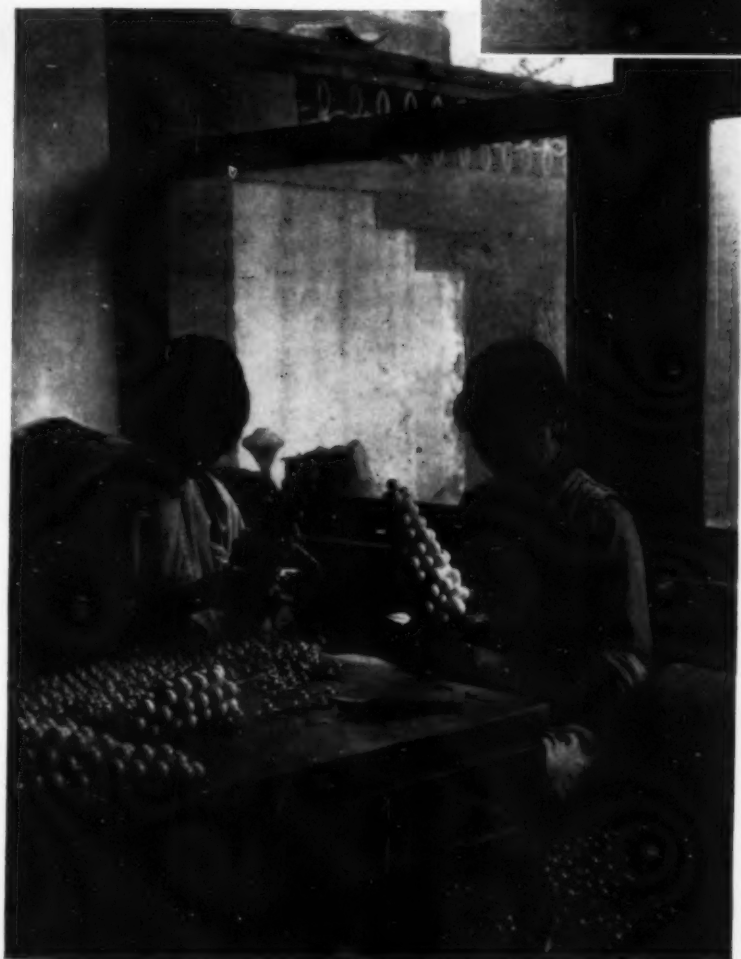


Cloisonné workshop. Cloisonné is a form of ornamented enamelled metal work. On a brass pot or other object a pattern is picked out with raised brass wire or thread soldered down; the interstices are filled in with various coloured enamels (the process in the photograph) and then baked. It is not an original Chinese craft but was introduced from the Middle East in the middle ages.



Lapidary at work polishing jade. He works a treadle with his feet which actuates the abrasive wheel. The process is one which has been in use for centuries. Jade is greatly valued in China, particularly the green varieties and beautifully worked pieces are produced in such little workshops as that in the photograph.

Chinese glass blowers. They are preparing glass imitation grapes, the process being very similar to the European one. Glass tubes are heated in the furnace until the end becomes molten when the worker blows down the tube to form a bubble of glass the size of a grape; this is cut off with a pair of scissors as it begins to cool.



Making up artificial bunches of grapes from glass—one of the small home industries which flourished in Peking until inflation hit the country. They were intended largely for export and could be produced very cheaply. Nowadays the wages of such girls as are shown in the photograph, in terms of foreign exchange, would approximate the wages of a skilled American workman.



Marking a straight line on a piece of wood for sawing. The string is covered with soot and is kept wound up in the reel on the left. The latter, robustly designed and with fine brass ornamentation, is typical of the functional artistry to be found in native Chinese tools and utilitarian devices.



Imparting spin to silk floss. The silk threads are run off the bobbins over wire supports, as shown on the right, and some distance away small metal weights are attached to their ends. The metal weights are kept spinning and thereby impart the necessary twist to strengthen the silk threads.



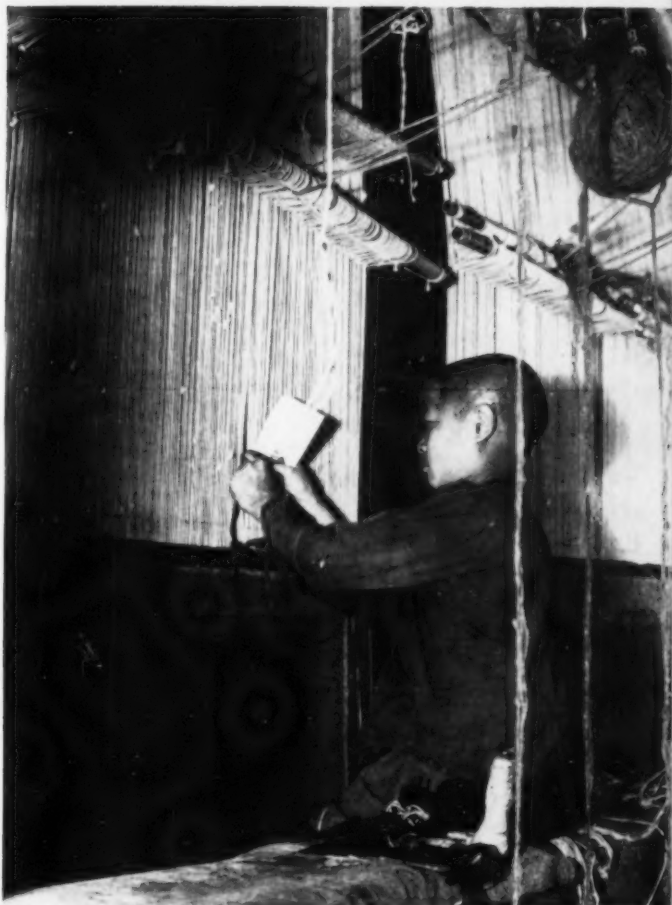
Pasting up coarse, native-made paper to dry. It is made by an old and primitive process. Waste paper is ground up and then kept suspended in a solution of water. Into the water is dipped a fine bamboo grid which picks up a film of paper sufficiently thick to form a sheet. These wet sheets are skilfully tipped off and taken out to dry on a sunny wall. The process is a traditional one except that waste paper now replaces the original rice or hemp straw.

Right:—Carpet making, an ancient Chinese craft in which a whole family works harmoniously together in its small workshop. Children take part in the work at an early age, a system which seems natural in China, and the children are as happy and contented as any other children of the same age. The picture shows the family trimming a carpet of modern design but made in the traditional way. Carpets have been made in China, mostly in the west, since Ming times and particularly beautiful examples were produced during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The craft declined during the nineteenth century but a great revival took place during the present century, when the industry reached considerable importance. Large numbers of fine carpets were exported from Peking and Tientsin, but the trade is now in a state of stagnation due to the prohibitive costs of production.





This child worker ties the knots. Concealed in his right hand is a knife with which he dexterously cuts the lengths of wool.



Weaving the carpet. Old methods are applied to modern products of the new China.



Left:—Workman embroidering silk. He wears old fashioned Chinese spectacles with crystal lenses at his painstaking task. The work is known as Peking stitch and requires a very high degree of skilful craftsmanship. The man is working in his own home.



The feather-duster merchant. His wares are of particular importance in the dry and dusty atmosphere of North China. They are dyed in bright colours, reds, blues and yellows.



The making of coloured paper cut-outs. A Chinese craftsman makes decorative paper patterns in the street, unperturbed by his enthralled audience.



The Warwickshire Avon— from Tewkesbury to Stratford-on-Avon

by EDGAR W. PITT

Illustrations by the author

Introduction

IN CONSIDERING the navigable rivers of Britain it is noteworthy that the development of the canal network, which might have been expected to act as a stimulus to the various Navigation Commissioners to improve the waterways under their control did not always have this effect. From a very early date such rivers as the Severn, the Bristol Avon, the Thames and the Yorkshire Ouse had been under the control of public bodies responsible for their maintenance in a navigable condition, and had been from time to time the subject of parliamentary enactments. From contemporary records we learn something of the numerous hindrances to navigation. Complaints were constantly

being made that privately owned weirs and mills blocked the channels, that tolls were illegally imposed on barges by the authorities of riverside towns, and that roving bands played the part of highwaymen. Another problem, especially on the Thames and Medway, was that of the extortionate amounts charged, in defiance of the legal tariff, by owners of barges and wherries. Apart from these artificial obstacles, Nature was constantly at work making impassable rivers which had once been navigable, or altering the course of channels.

Until the seventeenth century little was attempted beyond preserving, restoring, or improving existing waterways, but from about 1655 onwards attempts were made to

At top: (1)—The Bear Inn and Bridge, Tewkesbury

render the upper reaches of various rivers navigable for considerable distances inland.

By the construction of new locks, the clearing of shoals, and occasionally by the making of short cuts to straighten out the bends, inland towns which had previously been inaccessible by river were brought within reach of boats and barges. Thus, in 1636, a certain William Sandys obtained authority to make the Stratford Avon navigable from its junction with the Severn at Tewkesbury to Warwick and beyond. The work was actually completed as far as Stratford for vessels of from 50 to 70 tons, but was then interrupted by the Civil Wars and never afterwards resumed. It proved a great boon to the people of the Vale of Evesham, who were enabled to procure supplies of coal, iron and other commodities at much reduced prices.

During the eighteenth century many improvements were effected, but not on a scale to satisfy the demand for more efficient transportation. The Thames and the Severn in particular were for many years the despair of the owners of the newly built canals linking Bristol to the Midlands and to London, as well as of the manufacturers and the public who wished to use them. The problem of the Thames above London was never satisfactorily tackled and to this day the river has remained largely the resort of pleasure boats.

Such, too, is the condition of the Warwickshire Avon in its course through the counties of Northampton, Leicester, Warwick and Worcester. For example, we find that a primitive system of changing level from one reach of the river to another still survives between Tewkesbury and Evesham, known locally as "water-gates". This consists in providing an opening for the passage of boats through a weir, which can be opened or closed at will, so that the water of the weir can be penned back in the reach above or allowed to run level, or nearly so, with the water in the top of the reach below. The amount of water consumed in working the water-gates makes them unfit for use except where there is very little traffic; and they

cannot, of course, be used as canals. Indeed, their only real merit is that they are cheap.

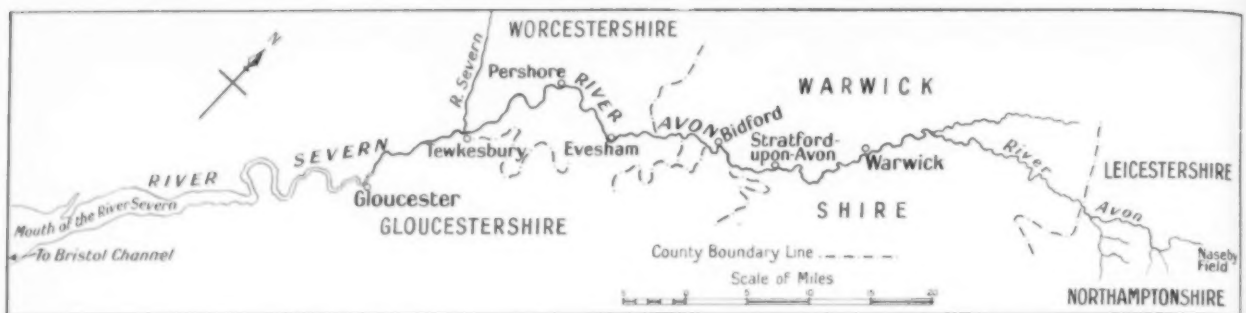
Tewkesbury

Tewkesbury, close upon the confluence of the turbid and rather grim Severn with the Avon, is one of the most cheerful, bustling and picturesque towns in England. The foundation of the town is said to have been the work of a seventh century religious Saxon named Theoe, who established a church here; but there was an earlier Roman camp, Etocessa, in the vicinity.

The Saxon monastery that was thus founded became later a flourishing Benedictine house. After its full share of adversities of fire and sword, famine and flood, it resulted in the building of the grand abbey church consecrated in 1125, which we see today. The builder of this noble and solemn fane was Robert Fitz Hamon, Earl of Gloucester, who died in 1147 when the building was well advanced. I do not propose to narrate the story of the abbey nor to describe its architectural features. Like most of its kind, it was suppressed by Henry VIII. The abbey church was saved by the townsfolk who paid the King the equivalent of £5,000 for the site and fabric.

The town is famous as the scene of the Battle of Tewkesbury fought on May Day, 1471, between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, in the meadow to the south known to this day as the "Bloody Meadow".

The old gabled houses of Tewkesbury include a number of ancient inns, the "Wheat-sheaf" and the "Bell" prominent among them. The "Bell" hard by the abbey and the old flour mills, has a bowling-green and owns associations with that once popular story, *John Halifar, Gentleman*. The "Hop Pole" and the "Swan" in their present form, belong to a later age, the former being the house where Mr. Pickwick and his friends made merry. The "Old Black Bear" is easily the most picturesque, both in itself and in its situation by the rugged old Avon bridge (Sketch 1). The sign was originally that of the "Bear and Ragged Staff".



Pershore and its Abbey

Following the course of the Avon upstream, the first town of importance after Tewkesbury is Pershore. The history and development of the place is bound up with the abbey which, there is little doubt, owed its beginning to a grant of land made in 689 by Aethelred, King of Mercia, to his nephew Oswald. Of this early house of secular mission priests no vestige remains. This is not surprising when we consider its history. About 958 the Danes sacked the church and whatever buildings there may have been; less than 20 years later the place was plundered by a Mercian leader of whom better things might have been expected; and in the following century a third calamity was avoided only because there was sufficient force available to beat off another attack from the Danes. It was not until 984 that the regular Benedictine clergy succeeded in ousting the seculars.

Before they had been a century in possession they were shorn of an important slice of their possessions by Edward the Confessor in his search for an endowment for his great foundation at Westminster. Then came the Conquest, and the Benedictines, before they began to build, may have waited for settled times and to make sure that the Norman king would not treat them as had his Saxon predecessor. They appear to have started work about 1090, and must necessarily have proceeded slowly; also they were delayed by the inevitable fire shortly before 1102. The east end was damaged in another fire in 1223, and in 1287 there was a third and even worse fire which destroyed

the central tower and burned off the roofs. By the early fifteenth century the church, save for details, appears to have been complete. The monks were then in possession of a great church 325 feet long, with a nave of ten bays 180 feet long. Most of the building has vanished; all that remains today is the eastern portion—the tower, the south transept, the two-aisled presbytery and about half of the Lady-chapel. The nave, all but a fragment of the north transept, the chapels, the west end of the Lady-chapel, the cloisters and the whole of the monastic buildings vanished gradually, after the Dissolution. The nave was the church of the parishioners and had its own separate dedication as the Church of the Holy Cross. The choir was under the tower, and there were chapels in the transepts; that in the southern transept was dedicated to St. Eadburgh, a granddaughter of Alfred the Great, whose relics were venerated there.

It is a noble fragment that remains. Posterity owes a very heavy debt to the people of Pershore for their foresight in purchasing the eastern portion from the grantees. They gave £350 for it, but why they did not buy their own nave instead we shall probably never know. It is a pity that their successors were not more careful of their precious heritage; they allowed the north transept to fall down in Charles II's time. The pinnacles of the tower are visible from afar (Sketch 2). They have an oddly modern appearance, which is not surprising since they were added in the late nineteenth century. It is a tower of great beauty, and when seen at close quarters from the east end, grouped with

the presbytery and the apsidal sanctuary, the picture is delightful. The Decorated flying buttresses of the presbytery, which were built to counteract the thrust of its roof, are exceedingly handsome.

The tower, which terminates in an open lantern, is, according to Sir Gilbert Scott who restored the church, surpassed only by the lantern tower of Lincoln Cathedral. Below the parapet and above the lantern windows runs a line of ball-flower moulding, and the bell-chamber has two open and two blind windows. There is a turret staircase at each angle of the tower. Neither from without nor within would the casual observer, untrained in architecture, suspect that this church is but a fragment. He stands beneath what has all the appearance of a western tower.

The illusion is complete; yet no ordinary church has such a tower. In date it is early—the beginning of the twelfth century—and it rests upon four semi-circular arches, two of which, curiously enough, spring from a higher level than the others. The western arch, which formerly gave access to this nave, is now necessarily blocked by the external wall erected when the nave was demolished; this wall is pierced by modern windows and a western door. The arches, which are of great weight, have been compared to those of Romsey Abbey. The capitals are varied, and range from the plain "cushion" type and the slightly ornamented to the richly carved. The upper part of the tower belongs to the close of the thirteenth century, and above it is the lantern, "the finest and most remarkable feature of the church", opened up during the restoration by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1865.

The Abbey House, at the back of the church, is the headquarters of an interesting attempt to revive the Benedictine rule in the Church of England, and thus, in the person of the head of the community, there is still an Abbot of Pershore. The revival began at Caldy Island, but before long the majority of the monks "went over to Rome" and the Anglican survivors of the community moved to Pershore in 1914.

(2)—Pershore Abbey

A few yards from the abbey is the Church of St. Andrew, an interesting and unusual building with a nave of five bays on the north side and four on the south, a south-western tower and a south aisle which so narrows the nave that the chancel is the wider.

Evesham

The prosperous centre of Avon's intensively cultivated river valley smiles upon the stranger. Evesham is a bright and happy little town (Sketch 3) as all towns on the Avon are, proud of its great historic memories, ecclesiastical and military, doing its best to keep them alive and to present comely scenes which live in story and illumine the page of the artist and the architect.

Centuries before the pleasant little town in the garden of Worcestershire became one of the fateful battlegrounds of history (battle fought by Simon de Montfort and Prince Edward, 1265) it was famous as a home of peace, of learning, and of devotion. The





(3)—*The Market Place, Evesham*

Avon has flowed at the foot of the little escarpment for more than 1,200 years since the abbey that was to become so great and famous was conceived. Its beginnings are enshrouded in legend. One is that a swineherd named Eoves one day had a vision of the Blessed Virgin with two maidens, and hastened to tell St. Egwin, Bishop of Worcester, of the wondrous sight. The bishop visited the spot and before long the vision was repeated. Thereupon Egwin determined to raise a religious house on the spot, and the work was begun about 702.

Aethelred, King of Mercia, gave the new abbey its first endowment and by degrees it grew in size and wealth, its abbots reaching mitred rank and sitting in Parliament with the barons. For more than four centuries its great church was under construction.

Of this glorious church all that remains is a fragment of the central tower which

spanned the crossing. On 7th November, 1539, the abbey was suppressed and its income, which amounted to £1,268. 9s. 10d.—vast wealth four centuries ago—was confiscated. The roof was stripped, and little by little its stones were laboriously riven asunder and carted away.

Although practically nothing is left of Evesham Abbey Church itself, an especially noble relic of the monastery happily survives in the famous bell tower. (Sketch 4), the finest work of its fifty-fifth and last abbot. It was, in truth, the swan-song of the abbey for, although the bell tower had been six years in building, it was not quite finished when the last monk said his last Mass at one of the church's sixteen altars. Its preservation was hardly less miraculous than the old swine-herd's vision, and there appears to be no record of how it escaped destruction. Abbot Lichfield, its builder, evidently intended it to be both a gateway

and a belfry, which suggests he was a man of artistic independence, since detached campaniles were always rare in England. It is a rich example of Perpendicular work, with a clock and ten beautiful bells which, at certain hours, play hymn-tunes. Its delicate panelling in many stages, terminating in slender crocketed pinnacles, soars up 110 feet and in the midst is one of those graceful mullioned windows which add so vastly to the charm of Perpendicular buildings. The visitor comes upon this lovely tower with a gasp of surprise. In its size it dwarfs the two churches that stand a few yards away; in its beauty there is something fairylike; it is a landmark that may be seen afar off, yet it is only at close quarters that its glory truly shines.

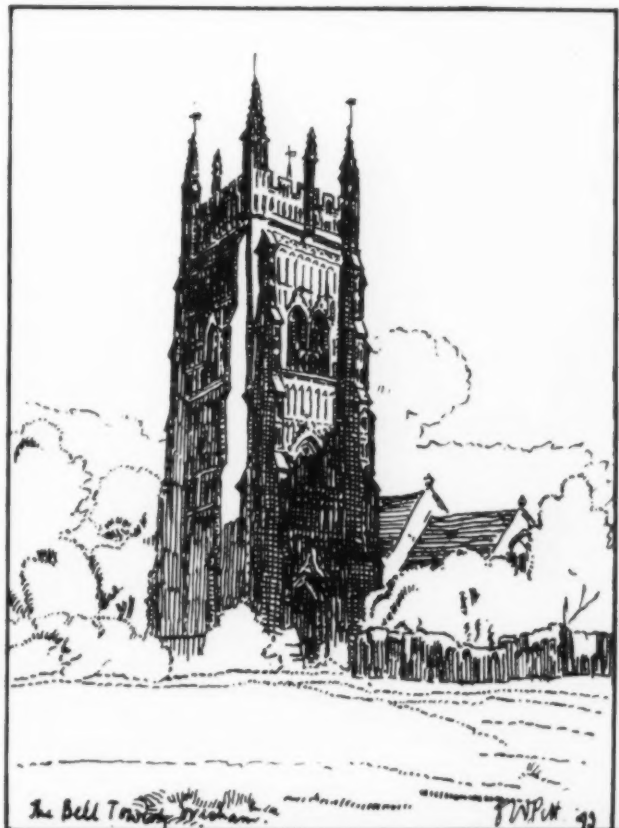
The bell tower is not the only access to the abbey precincts. From the market place (Sketch 3) they are entered, and the two churches, All Saints' and St. Lawrence's, approached, by the abbey gateway (Sketch 5) built by Abbott Reginald of Gloucester, who reigned from 1122 to 1149. It looks like a half-timbered erection of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, which to a certain extent it is. The original Norman vault and the upper portion of the gateway have disappeared and been replaced by the "black and white" building which extends across it. The ancient portions were rapidly decaying when further disintegration was stopped by careful restoration in 1899. The base of the semi-circular columns which support the blank arcading, which had long been buried beneath the soil, were excavated to the old level and a stone balustrade and protective iron railing erected. This is the oldest portion of the monastic buildings still in existence. It is adjoined by the Church House, the parish room, and the old Vicarage, all of which have been restored. Not far away in the street is the building called the Abbey Gatehouse, which has been converted into two houses and externally has lost its ancient features. A few yards farther away is a picturesque range of stone and half-timbering which is supposed to have been the almonry of the abbey. After many

vicissitudes it has been repaired and put into good order.

Bidford

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford.

"Drunken Bidford" is the most important place of the group in this Shakespearean doggerel. Bidford Bridge (Sketch 6) though patched with brickwork, is mainly of stone; it is singularly unconventional, almost every one of its eight arches being different. The buttresses are massive, and the date remote, probably fifteenth century. It was repaired at one time with stones from the dismantled priory at Alcester, and like most of the Avon bridges was broken down during the Civil War, as more than one skirmish was fought here. Bidford Bridge is among the best on a river rich in bridges. The village, on the north bank, consists of a long street of houses closely packed together. The church, however, stands on a height, with a graveyard sloping to the river. The church tower, prominent in the view of the village from the bridge, is somewhat odd looking and unbeautiful. The body of the church,



(4)—The Bell Tower, Evesham



ABBOT REGINALD'S GATEWAY, EVESHAM. E.W. PITT 1932

save for an Early English chancel lit on either side by trefoil-treated windows, is entirely without interest.

Welford

Some four miles up the river is Welford. A more delightful spot in summer it would be difficult to find. The village itself is not unworthy of its foreground of river and weir. The thatched cottages, embowered in creepers, are mostly set in gardens gay with flowers and fruit. A notable part of Welford is its old maypole; 75 feet high and painted red, blue and white, it is probably a successor to one that stood there in Shakespeare's day. The church has some good Norman arches in the nave.

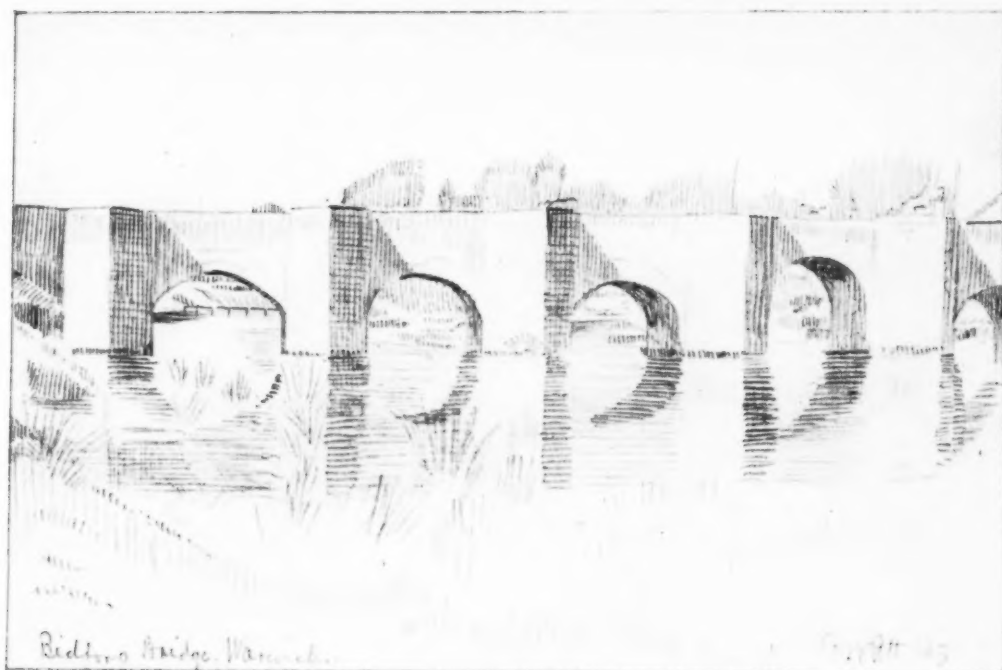
Between Bidford and Welford, near the bank of the river, stands an old ivy-clad house of Tudor origin, named Hillborough Manor, the "Haunted Hillborough" of the rhyme. About a mile above Welford the river, all this time pursuing a meadowy course, marked for the most part by willows, is crossed by a curious double stone bridge of thirteen arches, resting in the centre on a leafy island. Near the end is an ancient tavern bearing the sign of the "Four Alls". On the northern side of the river are several villages distinguished for pleasant rusticity and containing some good work in their churches.

Stratford-on-Avon

The earliest settlement was a Saxon monastery founded about the year 700. This stood on the bank of the Avon on, or near, the site of the present-day parish church. It belonged to the Bishop of Worcester, and was confirmed in the possession of that See by William the Conqueror. The Bishop was lord of the manor which included, besides the monastery and the houses of its dependants clustered round it, a considerable area of land, mostly arable. At the time of Domesday the population was under 200. The monastic establishment ceased to exist about that date, and henceforward Stratford became merely a manorial estate owning the Bishop of Worcester as its feudal lord, and cultivated by his villeins. The village consisted at this time of a group of build-

(5)—Abbot Reginald's Gateway, Evesham

(6)—*Bidford Bridge*



ings (one of them a water-mill) in the vicinity of the church. These were probably of wood. This part of the town has ever since been known as Old Stratford, or Old Town.

Visitors to Stratford are surprised at the width of its streets, and the open space of the Rother Market. The reason for this is

that Stratford, unlike the majority of mediaeval towns, had practically unlimited space. The country being level, the houses were built along the roadsides and by the river. The principal nuclei were the bridge, the college and the guildhall. Turning to the people of Stratford, and their occupations, we find that almost without exception they



(7)—*Clopton Bridge, Stratford-on-Avon*



(8)—*Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon*

were concerned with agriculture, especially live-stock. The names of many of the streets indicate this fact, thus Corn Street, now Chapel Street, Sheep Street, Swyne Street now Ely Street, Walker Street now Chapel Lane, Rother Street. The old buildings of Stratford-on-Avon have been described elsewhere* but a modern building which should be mentioned is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre standing on the bank of the river (Sketch 8). This building, the finest of its kind in Britain, with scarcely a rival in Europe, was the centre of much controversy when, in about 1930, Miss Elizabeth Scott's design was accepted. One objection was to the effect that such a mass of brickwork

would dwarf the river and make it appear a muddy stream. Such fears proved to be groundless.

Having broken through timid subservience to tradition, Stratford has taken a further step and a few years ago the street group of modern houses shown in Sketch 9 were built.

Here we will pause in our journey up the River Avon, for next upon its banks stands the ancient borough of Warwick, whose beauty and history cannot be encompassed in this article. Beyond Warwick we should have to follow the river into Leicestershire and then to Northamptonshire to find its source.

*See "Stratford-on-Avon" by E. W. Pitt, *Canadian Geographical Journal*, August 1947



(9)—*A modern street, Stratford-on-Avon*

Arctic Record, 1910-11

by ALEX STEVENSON

OCCASIONALLY, a discovery is made which serves to recall the early explorers of Arctic Canada, whose exploits produced a knowledge which is today accepted as commonplace.

A discovery of this sort was made during the summer of 1947 by Edward Jordan, a radio operator of the Department of Transport, stationed at Arctic Bay, Baffin Island, Northwest Territories, who, in the course of a walk over the hills, found an interesting cairn. Noticing a stick protruding from the top of the cairn with the name Captain J. E. Bernier and the date, 1911, carved on it, Jordan became curious. The stick was quite loose and beginning to cant over, so he decided to examine it more closely; immediately under it was an object which appeared to have been placed there for some other purpose than just to complete the cairn. Upon removal it was found to be two joined pieces of wood, about one foot in length, bearing the carved words *Arctic Record*. Closer examination revealed a small cylinder between these pieces of wood. The cylinder contained the front page of a newspaper telling of the departure of the Canadian Government Ship *Arctic* from Quebec in 1910, a note from Captain J. E. Bernier*, master of the vessel, a Union Jack, and a ten-cent piece.

This rediscovered cairn recalls the famous voyage of the C.G.S. *Arctic* under the command of Captain J. E. Bernier. This Canadian Government expedition sailed from Quebec to the northern waters and

the Arctic Archipelago in 1910 for the purpose of traversing the Northwest Passage and patrolling waters where whaling was carried on.

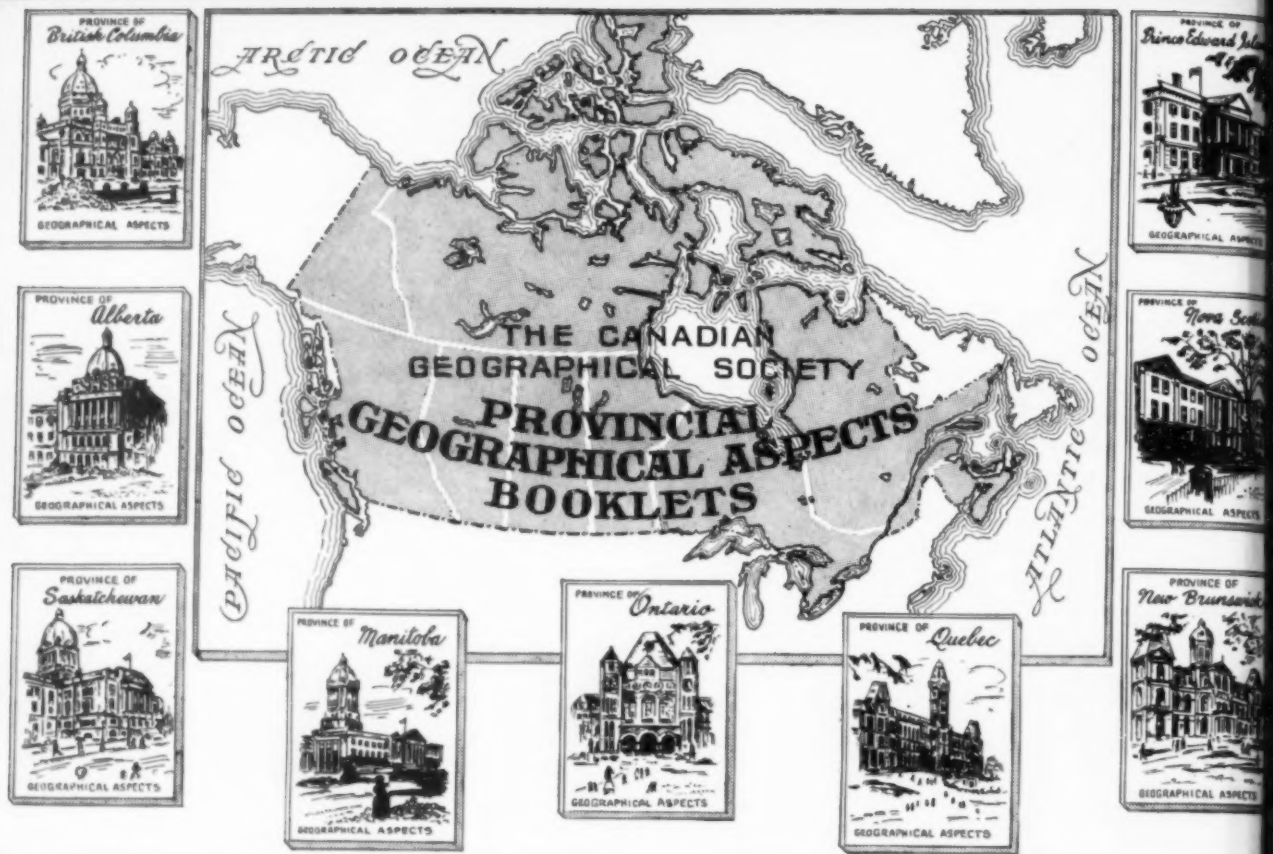
Owing to extremely heavy bodies of ice which filled the western entrance of McClure Strait, the *Arctic* was unable to proceed farther than the west coast of Melville Island. The vessel returned eastward, entered Admiralty Inlet, Baffin Island, and made her winter quarters in Arctic Bay on the east side of the Inlet. From this excellent harbour, named after their own vessel, officers and men made a number of extensive exploration trips during the winter.

In order to leave some permanent mark of the wintering of the *Arctic* in Arctic Bay in the year 1910-11, a cross was erected on East Point (across the Bay from the site where Mr. Jordan discovered the cairn). A copper plate was placed on the cross bearing the inscription "Holy Cross", the date when it was erected, and some particulars respecting the voyage. This cross was later to be a very useful landmark to the *Nascopie* in her visits to Arctic Bay.

About July 20, 1911, the ice had broken up enough to let the *Arctic* leave her winter quarters. The plan to attempt a passage through Fury and Hecla Strait to Foxe Basin and Hudson Bay was abandoned when heavy ice was encountered south of Prince Rupert Inlet. After some trying experiences with ice and fog the vessel finally reached Davis Strait, sailed along the Labrador Coast, and reached Quebec on September 24, 1911.



See "Last of the Great Master Mariners" by W. Q. Ketchum, *Canadian Geographical Journal*, September, 1937.



AN ANNOUNCEMENT

IT is with pleasure and pride that The Canadian Geographical Society announces publication of its new Provincial Geographical Aspects booklets. Printed on the same quality paper and page size as the "Journal" the set comprises nine booklets, each presenting in graphic form the varied geographical aspects of one Canadian province. Each booklet contains 32 pages, is profusely illustrated and has a map of the province. The subject is treated in comprehensive manner, touching on historical, physical, economic and human aspects of the province, with sections on topography, climate, natural resources, industries, cities, etc. Leading authorities in every field have collaborated in preparation of the articles and the result is a concise, reliable, up-to-date survey of Canada from coast to coast. In order to be of maximum usefulness the booklets are written in simple language within the range of school children.

Sets of booklets, entirely free from advertising matter, may be ordered now, for delivery after March, 1948. It is suggested that orders be placed early as the run of the first edition is limited.

ORDER FORM

Attach money order, or cheque plus exchange fee, and send to:

The CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,
49 Metcalfe Street,
Ottawa, Canada.

Please send sets of Provincial Geographical Aspects booklets at \$2.75 per set for Members, \$3.25 per set for non-members (mailing charges included) to

NAME Street
PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS
City/Town Province





EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

For biographical sketch of Lyn and Richard Harrington see May, 1947, issue.

* * *

Hedda Morrison was born in Stuttgart and at an early age became interested in photography. She studied at the photographic school in Munich and became a professional photographer, going to Peking in 1933 to work. Mrs. Morrison travelled considerably in China and did a good deal of work around Nanking, but most of her time was spent in the Peking area. She learned to speak Chinese fluently and became very attached to the country and the people, being particularly interested in their crafts and the Chinese way of life—an interest and sympathy clearly evident in her photographs. In 1946 she married an Englishman in Peking and moved to Hong Kong. After fourteen years in China Mrs. Morrison went with her husband to England but after a few months there they returned to the East and are now living in Sarawak.

E. W. Pitt was born and educated in Birmingham, England. After an extensive training course in architectural history, drawing and design, he spent a number of years studying buildings of architectural and historical importance. He has also done a great deal of valuable work in connection with the surveying and recording of numerous buildings of aesthetic merit in England and the Near East. Mr. Pitt is greatly interested in archaeology and topographical art, has written many articles of architectural importance, and is represented in the Pilgrim Trust Recording-of-Britain Scheme by water-colour sketches of East London.

* * *

ERRATA

March, 1948, issue, page 105: line 2, after the word "island" the words "forming a separate country" should be added; line 8, after "Island is" the words "except for Greenland" should be added.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

in

The Canadian Geographical Society

To: **The Canadian Geographical Society**
49 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ont.

Date.....

Enclosed find \$..... in advance payment of my membership fees for years.
Annual fee to include 12 monthly issues of Canadian Geographical Journal, post-paid.

Please PRINT CLEARLY.

Name

No. and Street

Occupation.....City

Annual Fee

Province

Canada and British Countries - - \$3.00

Country
(If outside Canada)

United States, Mexico, France, Spain,
Central and South America - - \$3.50

Other Countries - - - - - \$4.00

Make remittance payable at par in Ottawa, to the order of The Canadian Geographical Society.

AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

Charters of Our Freedom
by REGINALD G. TROTTER
(Ginn & Company, Toronto, \$2.)

It is fitting that we should all know something of the foundation of the heritage of liberty which is ours. To many of us Magna Carta is but a glib reference. Here is the opportunity to read it, and to follow it up with neatly linked extracts from documents covering more than seven hundred years' legislation upon which our civil rights are based.

Dr. Trotter's concise notes introduce us to such interesting records as the Ordinance for Virginia and the Mayflower Compact, which as early as 1620 established the principle of colonial self-government; to Durham's Report on the Affairs of British North America recommending, in 1839, responsible government, the principles of which were not put into operation for some years and then not without opposition from the colonists themselves. We may read the Bill of Rights of 1689, which introduced no new principle, but established the authority of Parliament beyond interference from the monarch; from this and Magna Carta grew the American Bill of Rights of Constitution. Three years work—drafting, discussing, conferring in London—welded Canada into a nation, when the labours of the Fathers of Confederation brought forth the British North America Act in 1867 by which Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick became the Dominion of Canada.

We may all be more familiar with the modern legislation which affects our lives. Here is the Statute of Westminster, 1931, setting forth in legal terms what was already fact—the independence of the Dominions as autonomous members of the British Commonwealth of Nations with common allegiance to the Crown.

We do not forget the wartime thrill of hearing of the meeting of Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt "somewhere on the Atlantic" but we have perhaps forgotten the ideals they proclaimed in the Atlantic Charter. Here we may read them, as announced in August 1941, later to be accepted and endorsed by the European Allies and subsequently adopted by the twenty-six United Nations.

Liberty is precious to all, but it is the fruit of patient and painstaking planning. Its value is more clearly realized if we understand the seeds from which it grew. As Dr. Trotter says, "Law guards the liberties of each of us by limiting the liberty of all. It must restrain even the rulers themselves in the exercise of their authority over their subjects." The origins of the necessary restraints are made clear in this book, where Dr. Trotter's comments enable us to find an easy way through a somewhat confusing maze of historical events.

The most attractive printing and arrangement of this book add greatly to the pleasure and interest of reading it. A useful reference book for schools and libraries, as well as the private collection.

M.B.

Summer School in GEOGRAPHY



A SIX WEEKS' SCHOOL of great significance to teachers, students, members of the armed forces and the general public: ideally located in modern co-educational college on the Quebec-Vermont border. Courses on Tropical Settlement, Polar Problems, Post-war Europe, Canada, Regional Planning, Population, Technique of Field Studies, Climatology, etc. Lecturers include Sir Hubert Wilkins, Drs. J. W. Coulter, R. E. Dickinson, N. E. Odell, L. D. Stamp, V. Stefansson and B. Zaborski. Graduate and undergraduate credits given. Fee (board-residence and tuition) \$190. Scholarships (value \$250) awarded by Canadian Geographical Society.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY GEOGRAPHY SUMMER SCHOOL

JULY 5 - AUGUST 14, 1948

STANSTEAD COLLEGE, QUEBEC

Apply for Prospectus to PROFESSOR GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE, Chairman, Dept. of Geography,
MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

Exploring Our National Parks and Monuments

by DEVEREUX BUTCHER

(Oxford University Press, Toronto, \$1.75)

This is a comprehensive guide to the National Parks of the United States, with notes on a number of related topics. It is lavishly illustrated by photographs, many of them by the author, others collected from different sources. They are all excellent, carefully selected, and well reproduced. The various parks and monuments are arranged in alphabetical order and there is detailed discussion of the fauna and flora of the area, the means of access, and the accommodation provided for visitors.

It's a stimulating book. Again and again one says "I must go and see that—somehow, sometime soon, before it's too late". None of us can hope to see all of them, none could be so short sighted as not to make a point of seeing as many as possible. DOUGLAS LEECHMAN



Fully matured in
wood... mellow in
flavour and aroma
... truly a grand
whisky.

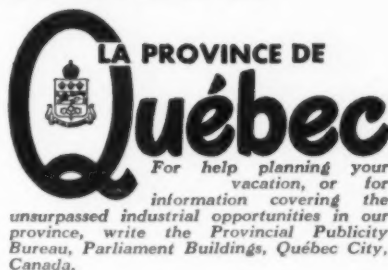
ESTD 1837
MACNAIR'S
Finest Old Scotch
HIGHLAND WHISKY
HARVEY MACNAIR & CO.
LIMITED

Printed and Bottled under
Direct Supervision of the Proprietors by
CODDERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
OTTAWA - CANADA

SPECIAL RESERVE



For a vacation that is really different come to la Province de Québec—unspoiled land of beautiful mountains, lakes, rivers, valleys, picturesque towns and villages. Here you will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian charm and hospitality in comfortable inns and hotels.



LA PROVINCE DE Québec

For help planning your
vacation, or for
information covering the
unsurpassed industrial opportunities in our
province, write the Provincial Publicity
Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City,
Canada.

**THE
CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL
JOURNAL**

is produced by

**GAZETTE PRINTING
COMPANY LIMITED**

Specialists in

DESIGN & TYPOGRAPHY
FINE COLOUR PRINTING
OFFSET LITHOGRAPHY
COLOUR PHOTO-ENGRAVING
DE LUXE BINDINGS



1000 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL

Harbour 2241

ATLAS TIRES



**Backed by Imperial Oil Warranty, good at
33,000 dealers in Canada and the U.S.A.**

If you are a little confused by conflicting tire claims, pin your faith to an ATLAS. All you have to know about this first-line, first quality tire is that it is backed by Imperial Oil, Canada's oldest and largest oil company. Imperial can't afford to sell anything but the best and the Imperial Oil Warranty is your assurance of complete tire satisfaction.

Over 26 million Atlas Tires have been sold in Canada and the U.S.A.! Buy Atlas for quality and good value.



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Everywhere in Canada

at
A.

AL

D